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VOL. 9 M'KINNEY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1892. NO 35

It has no Equal for the Money,
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E. L. Burton, Jr. M. D. E. L. Burton, Sr., M. D.

DR'S. BURTON & BURTON,

SPECIALISTS!

Have associated themselves together and limit their practice exclusively to diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE, MOUTH AND THROAT, DISEASES OF WOMEN, GENITO URINARY, RECTAL DISEASES AND SURGERY.

Dr. E. L. Burton, Jr's., practice for the past year in McKinney and surrounding country speaks for itself. He has had unparalled success, for which his patients will vouch.

Out of a record of over three hundred surgical operations, minor and major, there has not been a single failure.

The success of all this not only depends on being a skilful operator, but a diagnostician of wonderfully acute perception.

In disease we have a pathological alteration, or such a change as to produce a morbid or abnormal condition of the parts.

The first and most important of all factors in the treatment of disease is proper diagnosis. Next such Therapeutic measures as can be brought to bear that will remove the cause.

I have been offered hundreds of testimonials by former patients cured; but refused to publish any of them for that is not my policy.

We have a positive Cure for Piles, cured in a few days without pain, or detention from business. No cautery, knife or ligature.

URETHAL STRICTURE, and all private diseases are treated by the latest and most approved methods. (strictly confidential.)

DISEASES OF WOMEN treated skilfully and successfully by approved methods.

Dr. E. L. Burton, Sr., will give his attention to this department, having had a great amount of practical experience.

A partial list of operations for the past year will be given in the following table:

Operations.	No. Oper.	Males.	Females.	Suc.	Unsuc
Strabismus (cross eyes.)	28	9	19	28	.....
Cataropion	6	5	1	6	.....
Pterygium	21	16	5	21	Imp.
Cataract	4	3	1	3	1
Plastic operations	13	8	5	13	Relief
Remove Foreign	9	9	.....	8	1
Hair Lip	7	6	1	7	.....
Plastic operation for nose	1	1	.....	1	.....
Nasal Polypi	5	4	1	5	.....
Exostosis	27	21	6	27	.....
Epithelioma, (form of Cancer)	14	4	.....	4	.....
Removal of Tonsil	2	8	4	12	.....
Aural Polypi	13	2	1	3	.....
Tympani (Ear Drum)	6	11	5	16	.....
Otitis Eppi (Odema)	32	2	.....	2	.....
Urethral Stricture	21	31	.....	31	.....
Hemorrhoids	2	18	4	22	.....
Enlarged Prostate	53	3	.....	3	.....
Uteri (womb)	2	.....	32	32	.....
Stone in bladder	1	1	.....	1	.....
Necrosis of Tibia	3	3	.....	3	.....
Labo	24	24	.....	24	.....
Abscesses	33	28	5	33	.....
Amputations	3	2	1	3	.....

This embraces only a part of the successful surgical practice of the year.

I have done all in my power to relieve those so unfortunate as to be afflicted, coming under my care.

I feel as though my past years labors have not been in vain.

My only desire is to be ever upright and honorable to all.

Now, as my practice has assumed such proportions, I have called my father in as co-operator, and he will devote his whole attention to DISEASES OF WOMEN, ETC., while I will continue as usual.

Consultation free. All correspondence answered the day received.

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FAY'S TWO CHRISTMASES.

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"TOMORROW is Christmas! Tomorrow is Christmas!" cried little Fay, clapping her hands as she danced along the sidewalk in the softly falling snow. "Did you know tomorrow is Christmas, Fido?" And Fido jumped and barked and rolled in the snow, and bounded up again, and ran scurrying off, saying as plainly as he could that he knew something delightful was at hand.

Fay had seen the Christmas tree and had been told how wonderfully beautiful it would be on the morrow, with its lighted tapers and wonderful presents, and fancy had pictured a paradise, and little five-year-old Fay was surely the happiest child in grim old smoky St. Louis.

"Did you know Christmas is coming tomorrow, sir?" she asked the white haired old man as she skipped along by his side.

"Why, to be sure it is! To be sure it is!" said he as an unwonted glow warmed up his heart again, and they walked along several blocks while she told him over and over again what she was going to have on the Christmas tree. Presently he said, turning to her:

"Where do you live, little one?"

"At Twenty fifth street and Cleveland avenue," said she glibly.

"Well, you had better run home," said he; "here we are at Grand avenue, and papa and mamma will grow uneasy if their little one stays out too late, and it is already growing dusk. Yonder is that church, you see; keep your eye on that, and you can find your way home."

And as he saw her with a goodby go dancing through the snow he went on to his own home, the happier for the short glint of sunshine from the little one's curls.

"Grand avenue! Grand avenue! I have never been so far as Grand avenue before!" and she almost ran into a decrepit old woman bent with age who was plodding through the now blinding snowstorm.

"Hello, little golden curls! Where are you going this evening?" she asked.

"Going home to our Christmas tree," said little Fay as she clapped her hands gayly. "Won't you come and go with me?"

"Oh, no; I have a more beautiful one. Come and see mine," said the old woman, while her eyes gazed keenly at the necklace little Fay wore.

"I must hurry home," said Fay. "I live down on Cleveland avenue and Twenty fifth street."

"That is just where I am going," said the little old woman, "so we will go along together." And asking about the Christmas tree she started Fay to talking, while they went on and on and on, and it kept growing darker and darker till they could scarcely see each other, and Fay asked if they were not almost there, and the old woman said, "Yes, they were," and then she

SHE ALMOST RAN INTO A DECREPIT OLD WOMAN.

told Fay she would carry her if she was tired, and lifting her in her arms she did not seem such an old, decrepit creature at all as she went stalking through the snowstorm, while little Fay fell asleep thinking of Christmas.

* * * * * * *

The morning papers that Christmas morning called upon all generous people to add to the happiness of Christmas morning and help to heal two wounded hearts by restoring to them their little daughter Fay, with "blue eyes and golden hair." The evening papers found clews and chased them down, and thus it went day after day and week after week, but if the earth had swallowed her up little Fay could not have disappeared more completely.

* * * * * * *

Winter snows melted away and watered the earth for the coming of spring flowers; spring flowers blossomed into fruits of summer and were succeeded in turn by the falling of autumn leaves. Winter had whitened the northern fields once again, when on the edge of a rolling river close to the limpid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, where the sun still shone with warm, bright rays and the zephyrs still fanned the fragrance of the orange tree, a band of strolling gypsies were encamped. Dark browed and swarthy visaged they were, from the child playing in front of the tent to the old dame crooning over a wild melody. But there was one exception; a fair—very fair—little girl of perhaps six years, with matted, tangled hair that still showed its gold, and with eyes of heaven's deep blue that seemed to have a world of thought in them, lay in the warm sunlight on the edge of the camp, dreaming dreams and thinking thoughts she dared not utter. In the weary tramps for the past year she had learned well the lesson that she must obey each nod and beck and keep her thoughts to herself. And so she lay dreaming and hearing nothing of the talk going on in the tent till she heard the words:

"Day after tomorrow will be Christmas, you know."

What was that? Christmas! She had not heard the word for a year! What memories it brought rushing, crowding back upon her brain! Christmas! Could she ever forget? She could see the Christmas tree now, and the snow falling upon the streets of the dear old city, and Fido, too, and at last a little, bent and decrepit woman, who became a tall, strong woman so quickly and so mysteriously. It all seemed so strange, and so far, far away now.

When the hour for sleep came she was still thinking and thinking, and she received a slap from the hard hand of old Nancy for heedlessness, and she crawled off into a corner of the tent and cried softly to herself.

But she could not sleep. The picture of a kind, manly face, and the warmth of a mother's fond embrace remained and abided with her. Hour after hour passed in this way till at last she could stand it no longer. Slipping on her shoes and stockings, and taking her little worn and ragged cloak, which reminded her of home, she went quietly and cautiously into the moonlight and over to the wagon road.

Which way should she turn? Surely home lay this way, and she ran along up the road, and for the first time in, oh, so many months laughed aloud in her glee. A rabbit ran along with its queer, long leaps in front of her, and stopped once or twice to gaze back at her with its great gray eyes, and she laughed again in the moonlight and went tripping along. The moon sank lower and lower as she kept up her journey hour after hour without flagging, and presently the eastern sky began to redden. The birds began to twitter on the boughs, the cows to low away off over the hills, and all nature gave notice that it was waking up from its slumbers for another day's life.

But nothing in animate creation was as happy as Fay. She was free—free as the breeze that tossed her tangled curls back and forth. And she was going home—home to papa and mamma. Could anybody be as happy as she?

"Howdy do, little bird?" she chirruped. "Are you very happy, and is it going to be your Christmas tomorrow? Howdy do, you great big round sun? I see you coming up over the hills away off yonder. Quit hurting my eyes when I look at you. Do you know that Christmas is coming tomorrow?"

Once in a great while she would pass a farmhouse, and when the sun was well up above the horizon she came to where a man was walking across the road with two great steaming buckets of milk.

"Hello, little girl—whereare you going?" said he.

"I am going home," she said with a smile.

"You are out pretty early," he returned. "Don't you want some milk?" And taking his cup he filled it for her, and then he did it again, laughing as he left, saying, "You must like good sweet milk."

Fay nodded and smiled and tripped along. After awhile she came to a railroad track. Ah, that is the way to go home surely, she thought, for railroads go everywhere. But how could she ride? The past twelvemonth had taught her financial wisdom among the traders she had been with, and she knew that riding upon the train cost money, and she had not even so much as a penny. But she dismissed the thought of trouble and tripped along the track, plucking little flowers by the wayside and laughing aloud, overjoyed at the sound of her own glad, free voice.

When she came to a long bridge, with the great beams lying very far apart for her, her heart beat a little more rapidly as she began stepping upon them, but she kept bravely on and clapped her little hands gayly when she got across. Soon she came to a little strange house, but no one was there, and she sat upon a beam to rest. It was a very queer looking little house, and looked like a great round tub set upon immense posts. After awhile she heard the hoarse whistle of an engine; then came the rumble of a heavy train, and the great iron horse, with his carriage, stood puffing and blowing right by the side of the strange kind of house, and a big iron pipe swung itself over to the housetop, and she could hear water running.

Ah, if she only had money to pay for a ride! It was so far and already she was so tired. And she looked at the strong engine till she could hardly see it, for the tears would fill her eyes in spite of all her efforts. But just then a great gust of smoke and steam came out and enveloped her, and to her it became a kind faced old man, with great, long white beard, and as it wrapped its soft arms around her it said:

"I am the Spirit of Steam. As soft as I am, I draw this immense train of cars. But for me they would lie here helpless and useless. When I am called I respond with joy, and I leap through the air, whirling this great rumbling train after me by the weight of my little finger. Climb up the steps and get on my train. I will take care of you, and I will carry you home to papa and mamma, and the Christmas tree that was to be so very long ago shall come back again."

And wrapped in the arms of the Spirit of Steam she climbed up the steps of the great engine and lay down in a corner. It was very black and dirty with coal, but she was so tired, and when a great strong man sprang into the engine and it started off with a snort the Spirit of Steam folded her in his arms again and sang in her ear such a sweet and soothing lullaby that her soul floated far away into dreamland while she was carried swiftly over the country toward the land where Santa Claus greets Christmas amid snow and ice.

"Dick," said the engineer to the fireman as their train went thundering across the prairie, "is this some joke of yours?" and

"HOW ON EARTH DID SHE COME THERE?"

he pointed to a fair face partly covered with tangled curls, which lay sleeping in the corner.

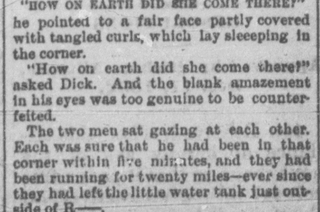
"How on earth did she come there?" asked Dick. And the blank amazement in his eyes was too genuine to be counterfeited.

The two men sat gazing at each other. Each was sure that he had been in that corner within five minutes, and they had been running for twenty miles—ever since they had left the little water tank just outside of R——.

"Don't you remember," asked Dick, "that I put your coat in that corner after we left R——?"

"Yes," was the slow reply. "I do. And she is lying on it there now. How did she get here?"

But neither had any explanation to offer. Each in his heart thought perhaps it was a warning of coming danger or some sort of supernatural visitation to watch over them, and determined to keep the little one on the engine to the end of their run, if possible. Careful examination, which showed a weak piston rod and gave opportunity to repair it, and the sight of an open switch, which saved the train, confirmed them both in their opinion, and the little waif slept on undisturbed.



FAY'S HOMECOMING.

When the trainmen reached the end of their division they learned that two freight wrecks had caused a demand for crews, and so they were ordered to continue straight through to St. Louis.

Want of sleep the night before had had its effect upon their strange passenger, and not till they were again whirling away across the country did a little form rise in the corner and a little voice come forth through the dusk, saying:

"Is it Christmas yet?"

"No, my little lady," said Jack Burns as he and Dick turned quickly and looked at her. "Who are you, how did you get here, and where are you going?"

"I am Fay," said the little girl, "and the Spirit of Steam helped me up on the engine here, and I am going home.

"I am very hungry," she added presently, "and I haven't had anything to eat since I drank some milk long before I came here."

Before she finished speaking the choice of Dick's lunch basket was before her. A good supper was soon finished, and the cold rain and sleet outside, joined to the warm blaze of the coal inside, caused the eyes to droop, and soon she was curled up in the corner asleep again.

"Well, it does knock me out," said Dick. "What do you think it means anyhow?"

"I don't know," said Jack dreamily. "There is something uncanny about it all. She will unfold her wings and quietly fly out the window before we know it, I guess."

* * * * * * *

It was nearly daylight when little Fay opened her eyes and sat up. It was snowing, and the flakes were coming down thick and fast, and the sight made her heart leap for joy. The weather was just like that of a year ago, and she remembered every circumstance connected with that fateful Christmas eve. On and on went the train.

After awhile they entered the suburbs of a great smoky city, for now it was broad daylight, and even the sun was trying to come up, and she could see the interminable row after row of houses, with the smoke from their chimneys curling upward in the still air. Presently they came up to another station, and she heard a voice back on the train call out "Grand avenue."

"Grand avenue! Grand avenue!" whispered the Spirit of Steam as it came in through the cab window and wrapped her in its arms. "This is your place! Come down the steps and I will hold you in my arms."

And when the old engine pulled out from the station, and Jack and Dick found their strange passenger missing, they looked at each other, but said never a word.

And Fay was standing in a snowdrift. It was very cold, and she followed two men going up over the hill. She remembered Grand avenue and the kind old gentleman who had told her to run home, but how could she find her way? And while she was thinking, and her fingers and toes were growing cold and her lip was beginning to tremble, she heard the chimes of the church and saw the spire that the kind old gentleman had pointed out to her, and away she went on the wings of the wind!

In fact, the wind would have to have very large wings and work them with prodigious force to go half as fast as she did. And when she did get into the yard of the old house it seemed as if she would never be able to reach the door, for Fido would not let her by, but just pushed her down and played with her and kissed her and just barked and barked till he cried. And when she couldn't get the door open and ran and knocked on the window, and saw papa and mamma sitting by a Christmas tree just like the one a year before, and they both sprang up and screamed and ran to the door, and she felt their loving embraces and tender kisses, her heart ran over with tears of love and happiness.

Ah, but wasn't that a Christmas! It would take a thousand yule logs to equal in Fay's eyes the little lighted tapers hanging from the limbs of the evergreen tree; it would take hundreds of wassail bowls to compare with the sugar plums and candies that delighted her eyes. And then the dolls, and the wonderful watches with real hands, and the tin tigers and lions that looked so fierce you could hardly recognize them, and the candy mice and pigs that deserved to be eaten and met their deserts, and Noah's ark, with so many animals that you could not tell what half of them were, and ever so many wonderful things besides!

And when at last she lay so sweetly restful in mamma's arms, with papa looking fondly down, every bell in the city seemed to know it and shouted out the glad tidings as loud as its brazen throat could yell, only gradually quieting down in its excess of joy to join at the close in the harmonious refrain—"Peace on earth! Peace on earth!"

HARRY W. COCKERILL.

Christmas Carols.

There is a traditional carol of Somersetshire, England, which begins:

As Joseph was a-walking
He heard an angel sing,
This night shall be the birthtime
Of Christ, the heavenly King."

which has a very merry jingle that sounds almost irreverent. Then there is a pathetic Spanish air of three verses, of which the first is:

Oh, the little empty stocking,
Left of the dainty pair,
We hung beside the chimney
When baby was our care!
The year has brought us sorrow,
With tears that fell like rain.
Have we no smile or greeting
For Christmas come again?

Wife—Is there anything else, dear, that you would like to hang on the Christmas tree?

Husband—Yes, Those tri plets.

CHRISTMAS KEEPING.

American Ways—Customs of Our English, Dutch and French Progenitors.

CHRISTMAS was an honored day of festivity in our country from the first, for Dutch English and French Huguenots all brought the happy custom with them. Feasting was the common characteristic of all, but its degrees and kind varied. The Dutch—mild and moderate in most things—made their Christmas keeping a somewhat prolonged festival, often taking more than a week, indulging in all the "good things" that they desired or could procure, and consuming an amount of "strong waters" that would have meant excess to any temperaments less phlegmatic than theirs or had less time been taken in the consuming.

The old Dutch family recipe books contained rules for many compounds requiring delicate manipulation on the part of the cooks, as well as a good deal of the comprehensive faculty known as "judgment." Indeed one can but conceive the greatest respect for the mental powers of the woman whose "crullers" and waffles were always light and crispy, not withstanding that baking powders and egg beaters were things unknown; that even "pearl ash" was of home manufacture, and the right quantity of sour cream which was to balance the alkali, as well as its due degree of acidity, had to be determined in each individual case. It is not so very easy a matter to find a good cook even in these days of "perfection ranges" and all manner of ready made preparations to help her. Yet it appears to be a fact that early in the Seventeenth century good cooks were the rule rather than the exception among the wives and daughters of the well to do inhabitants of the New Netherlands, and Christmas was the season upon which their best powers were expended.

English dishes of about the same date do not so favorably impress the modern reader. Boars' heads, blazing in rum, geese and ducks simmering in their own grease, and huge joints of beef or pork were flanked by meat "pasties," by rolls of boned veal hidden in layers of pork fat and then roasted before the fire so slowly that the fat was all absorbed in the meat, and sad dies of "five-year-old mutton, soiden with cabbage and vinegar," do not seem particularly attractive to modern palates. Grand "Sir Loin," plum pudding and mince pies—descendants of the ancient meat pasty—are almost the only dishes that have survived the years and now appear upon our Christmas tables. What digestions and what heads must these old time English have possessed!

When one reads of the enormous quantity and solidity of the viands and the amount and strength of the fluids which formed a Christmas dinner of 200 years ago, and of all the rough, not to say (in our Nineteenth century eyes) disreputable merrymaking which followed the dinner, one almost ceases to wonder at the Puritan revulsion of feeling which led to an effort to replace a season of gluttony and drunkenness by one of religious feeling and temperate festivity, calling it "Thanksgiving" and holding it in advance of the season which, from the time of the Romans and perhaps before them, had been kept as a heathen festival, and still retained some of its old characteristics after it had been adapted to the new religion.

The French were ever more temperate than their neighbors and very early manifested the talent which has made them the tutors of all the rest of the world in table matters.

To the French Huguenots Christmas was a day of rejoicing, thanksgiving, family festivity and neighborly greeting. They drank almost no strong liquors, and their mild, pure wines served but to aid digestion and impart gayety to the spirits. Rarely indeed was drunkenness known among them. The giving of gifts was a more prominent feature of Christmas time with them than with the others. Among the English and Dutch the gifts, irrespective of toys to children, were nearly always of something to eat or drink. A haunch of venison or a cask of home brewed ale was a favorite gift in the parent isle, but here was succeeded by a turkey or a barrel of cider, while among the Holland colonists some special forms of cheese and "cookies" or a few bottles of choice imported wine were most usual.

The Huguenots, whether from thrift or native taste, were prone to offer gifts of more permanent value. They were poor of course, most of them having had to leave their possessions behind them when flying from the persecutions of "Louis the Magnificent." So their gifts were seldom costly, but some have survived even till today in the possession of their descendants—cobweb laces made by delicate fingers, painted fans and screens, and embroidered footstools and cushions.

The United States, being the most cosmopolitan of all nations, has a right to adopt the best customs from all the world and has freely availed itself of the privilege.

To the roast beef and plum pudding of old England it has added the jolly Santa Claus of Holland, the gay present giving of the French and the solemn Christmas music of the Germans. If there be other good things elsewhere, let us appropriate them all. Are not we the "universal Yankee nation?"

HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

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Far off in the north, where the winter winds blow
With a fierceness they never have here,
Where Nature is clothed with perpetual snow,
And the sleighing is good all the year,
I traveled this season without any guide,
Which I found was a bad thing to do,
For, walking along where I dared not to ride,
Why, I stepped in a hole and fell through.

"Fell through into what?" do I hear you inquire?
It is lucky I still live to tell,
For roasted I'd been had there been any fire—
Down a chimney it was that I fell.
And who owned the chimney you never could guess,
Nor could find it, though far you should roam;
The place is a secret, but I will confess
I had dropped into Santa Claus' home.

It's needless to say that I made a great noise
When I tumbled down there in a heap;
I scattered a lot of old Santa Claus' toys
And awakened him out of his sleep.
He raised up his head and he rubbed his round eyes,
Then he gazed while I made a low bow,
And you could not manifest greater surprise
Should he come down your chimney now.

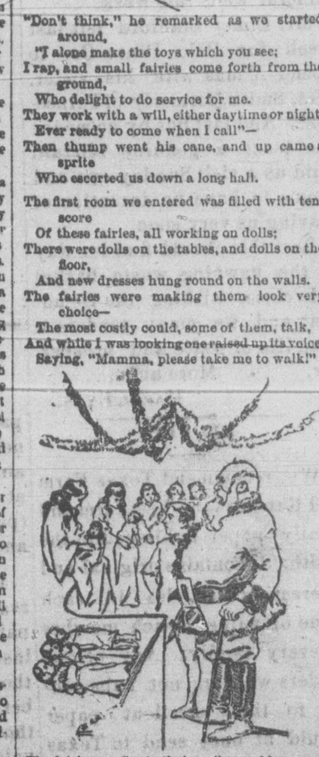
"Now what does this mean?" he exclaimed with a frown,
"What intruder is this that I see?"
His pardon I asked, though I said I fell down,
And was sure that he couldn't blame me.
He smiled, shook his head and proceeded to say—
For he couldn't be cross should he try—
"You'll come down a flue in a quieter way
When you've gone through as many as I"

And then, as a mark of his hearty good will,
He desired me to tarry awhile.
"My home," he continued, "is built in a hill,
And extends underground for a mile.
Perhaps its large rooms you would like to explore
To perceive where I make all my toys,
And gaze at the thousands and thousands in store
To be given to good girls and boys."

The rooms were ablaze with electrical light,
And the lamps were of many a hue—
Some orange, some green, there were tints soft and bright,
And ten thousand in red, white and blue.
There were evergreen trees filled with gifts without end—
Here a doll, there a toy or a book—
Which Santa had hung till he made the bough bend,
Just to see how attractive they'd look.

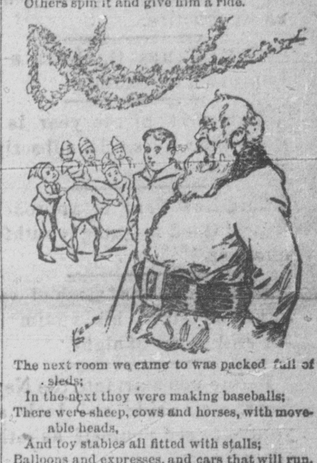
"Don't think," he remarked as we started around,
"I alone make the toys which you see;
I rap, and small fairies come forth from the ground,
Who delight to do service for me.
They work with a will, either daytime or night
Ever ready to come when I call"—
Then thump went his cane, and up came a sprite
Who escorted us down a long hall.

The first room we entered was filled with tenscore
Of these fairies, all working on dolls;
There were dolls on the tables, and dolls on the floor,
And new dresses hung round on the walls.
The fairies were making them look very choice—
The most costly could, some of them, talk,
And while I was looking one raised up its voice
Saying, "Mamma, please take me to walk!"



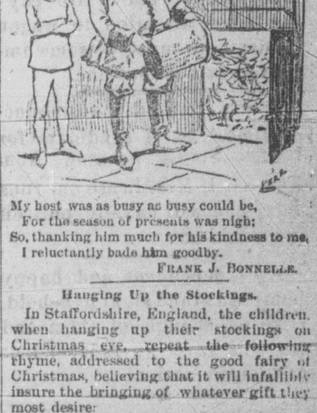
The fairies nor Santa their smiles could repress,
And he said, "They are cute little elves;
I notice sometimes, when they make a nice dress,
They will wear it awhile on themselves."
He nodded and bade them a pleasant good day,
Then we heard a low chattering noise,
As, leaving the room, we continued our way
To discover some things for the boys.

Attention was drawn by a rattle and hum
To a room down the hall on our right.
We peeped in and saw twenty gnomes round a drum
They were beating with all of their might;
And some of their brothers were busy with tops,
But their work with their sport they divide,
For when one is finished a gnome on it hops;
Others spin it and give him a ride.



The next room we came to was packed full of sleds;
In the next they were making baseballs;
There were sheep, cows and horses, with movable heads,
And toy stables all fitted with stalls;
Balloons and expresses, and cars that will run,
Many puzzles and numberless games,
And things new and queer that would cause endless fun—
But I promised I'd not tell their names.

Through room and through hallway thus onward we passed,
Seeing toys of all possible sorts—
Some made and some making—arriving at last
Where old Santa receives his reports.
His messengers go to all parts of the land
To learn what the children desire;
The list of the good ones he keeps safe at hand;
That of bad ones he throws in the fire.



My host was as busy as busy could be,
For the season of presents was nigh;
So, thanking him much for his kindness to me,
I reluctantly bade him goodby.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.

Hanging Up the Stockings.

In Staffordshire, England, the children, when hanging up their stockings on Christmas eve, repeat the following rhyme, addressed to the good fairy of Christmas, believing that it will infallibly insure the bringing of whatever gift they most desire:

Christmas fay of Christmas day—
Let me wish what wish I may—
If I think with love of you,
You will make my wish come true.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

BEATTY Pianos, Organs $23 up. Want Ag'ts. Cat'g. FREE. Dan'l. F. Beatty, N. J.

$525 Agents profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New articles just out. A $1.50 sample and terms free. Try us. CHIDESTER & SON, 58 Bond Street, New York City, N. Y.

DEAF HEAD NOISES CURED by PERFECTED INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR DISCS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful when all remedies fail. Ills. book & proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York.

All First-Class Druggists

From present date will keep on sale the Imported East India Hemp Remedies Dr. H. James' preparation of this herb on its own soil (Calcutta), will positively cure Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Nasal Catarrh, and break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. $2.50 per bottle, or 3 bottles $6.50. Try it. CRADDOCK & CO., PROPRIETORS, 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough. Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

Dr. C. F. BROWN'S
YOUNG
TESTED
AMERICAN
35 YEARS
LINIMENT
WILL POSITIVELY CURE
Rheumatism, Lame Back, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Cramps, Lumbago, Pain or Inflammation from any cause; also Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Galls or Screw Worm in stock. Price, 25 cts.
A Famous Remedy of a Famous Physician.
C. F. BROWN CHEMICAL CO., Sole Proprietors. 72 John St., New York.

TOWER'S TRADE MARK. FISH BRAND
This Trade Mark is on the best
WATERPROOF COAT
Illustrated Catalogue Free. in the World!
A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

FIRST CLASS
Board and Lodging
—AT—
Mrs. M. W. Webb's
No. 516, Jackson St., Corner of Pearl.
Dallas, Texas.
Rates, $1.00 per Day. Nice large cool rooms and bath privileges.

THE DEMOCRAT,

EDITED AND PUBLISHED

By F. C. Thompson.

THURSDAY, DEC. 29, 1892.

How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Though inexperienced, as we now percieve,)
We missed that happiness we might have found.

—COWPER.

CUNNING thrives, when toil is starving.

We should not always teach as we practice.

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE is improving in health.

THE first of the year is a good time to settle subscription.

THE New Year is approaching. "Good morning youthful stranger."

Ingratitude is a masked villain who stabs his victim in the still hours of night.

Before you start into the New Year, step aside and look at yourself—see yourself as others see you.

It is thought that President-elect Cleveland, will appoint John G, Carlisle as a member of his cabinet.

No liberal man would ever impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

—CICERO.

We are glad to note that nearly all the states are paying some attention to wagon roads; there must be some improvements in that line.

JERRY SIMPSON has announced himself as a candidate for United States Senator from Kansas. If Mrs. Lease out runs Jerry she will have to pull off her stockings.

AN independent and happy home is a grand sight to behold. Give us enough of them and we will have an independent and happy nation.

BEFORE the next issue of the DEMOCRAT the year 1892 will have entered into the abyss of the past. Let us try and improve on its experience—let all the nobler instincts of humanity be called into action.

To found a great empire, for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers. —ADAM SMITH.

AN exchange says: "Punish the criminals." Right, and we would appeal to the courts to let no guilty man escape, whether he be the poor horse thief or the kid glove defaulter. Wealth is too often the means of defeating justice.

Editor J. F. Mitchell.

J. F. Mitchell, editor and proprietor of the Greenville Banner, died at his home in West Greenville on Wednesday evening Dec. 21, 1892. In the death of the beloved deceased Texas loses a friend and literary genius. He was president of the Texas Press Association in 1891-2 during which time he won the love and respect of the whole fraternity. His brain was a boundless source of lofty thought, his heart an ocean of love. He knew no enemies—he had none. He waived flattery aside and laid his heart, brain and hand upon the altar of duty. He carried a smile for the joyous and a tear for the sorrowful.

"Gone but not forgotten" can truthfully be uttered of J. F. Mitchell. His facile pen, guided by the brilliant mind, is laid to rest, but its work in the past will remain to inspire those who were acquainted with its owner.

He has gone to "tarry in the mysterious aisles of the past." We fear not for his welfare. The good and true are always loved, and "Love is God," since "God is Love."

Greer County Case

Vernon, Texas., Dec. 23.—Hon. Edgar Allen, counsel for the United States in the Greer county case, arrived in the city last night from Greer county; where he has been looking after the interest of the United States. He did not desire to talk about the case.

Mississippi's Infamy

A special from Jackson, Miss., says:

"Returns in the Secretary of state's office from all the counties, except Cohoma, give Cleveland 33,962, Weayer 10,250, Harrison 1,373, Bidwell 910."

The aggregate vote according to the above of the entire state amounted to 46, 498.

In 1884 the entire vote of the state was 120,019. Democratic 76,510, Republican 43,509. In 1888 the entire vote was 115,567 Democratic 85,471. Republican 30,096. The Republican vote of 1884 was 43,509, in 1888 30,096, while in 1892 it was only 1,373. Does any sane man believe this? The aggregate vote in 1884 was 120,019, in 1888 115,567, while in 1892 it dwindled to 46,498.

There is an apparent unfairness in this that calls for adjustment. There are many men in congress at this time who received more votes than was given in this entire State. Think of it, seven Congressmen from a State that casts but 46,000. The census gives the population of Mississippi at 1,284,887, which at the ratio of one voter to every five persons would place the voting strength of Mississippi at 256,977. The interesting point just now is, where were the 210,497 voters on election day? Did they vote? If so, why were their votes not counted? If they did not vote, what was the reason for their apparent neglect? Surely something must be wrong where only 49,498 votes are cast in a presidential election out of 256,977. In direct opposition to this seeming apathy is found the example of the city of Augusta in Georgia. With a population of 35,000 it cast over 11,000 votes. In neither instance did this vote reflect the normal condition of the people upon this subject. There was some sort of chicanery that is responsible for both. This fraud should be laid bare, and no guilty man should escape.—National Watchman.

FROM HAZEL EYES.

Wedding and Other interesting Notes.

CALAMITY CITY, Tex.,
Dec. 25, 1892.

Editor Democrat.

Christmas is passed and gon marking another mile stone on life's journey. It was a very quiet day in our little city considering the revelings of the previous night. We would like to know what became of our "Mayor" and "Marshall" on last Saturday (?)

Yes, that wedding that I told you about did take place. This child is not often fooled when it comes to guessing at weddings

Mr. Henry Slater, and Miss John Ann Watson were married Sunday at 2 p. m., Mr. L. L Miller officiating.

Miss Ada Hickman of Boggie visited Dr. Glass and Lady last week.

Mr. Will Dixon and family are spending the holidays with relations near Melissa.

Prof. Wilson visited his parents near Plano this week.

Messrs Ladin Thomas and Frank Blue are visiting the mineral wells this week.

Mr. Elmer Stanford left last week for Palo Pinto Co. to spend X'mas with his sister, Mrs. Smith, formerly of Princeton. And last but by no means the least a genuine blizzard paid us a visit Sunday eve and seems to have no intention of leaving us very soon.

Lest this should find its way to the yawning waste basket I'll close, wishing the Democrat and its many readers a long life of peace and prosperity.

More anon,
HAZEL EYES.

PEOPLE.

We recommend Texas Farm and Ranch as the best farm and family paper published in the South. It contains original and interesting articles in each issue of value to each member of every family. Any of our readers who are not subscribers to this excellent paper should at once send to Texas Farm and Ranch, Dallas, Tex., for a free sample copy. Subscriptions taken at the DEMOCRAT office.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'T is midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'t is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh, and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged lock's,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn fingers to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. The specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast,
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Springs blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiades, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet Time,
Time the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

The Ideal Baking Powder
is
Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

For more than fifty years Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda have been used for leavening purposes with sufficient flour added to preserve the strength of the powder unimpaired, and this with the addition of whites of eggs comprises this pure and wholesome leavening agent, that has been the standard for 40 years. In its use pure, wholesome and delicious food is always assured.

Makes cake and biscuit that retain their moisture, and while they are flaky and extremely light they are fine grained, not coarse and full of holes as made with ammonia baking powders, latter dries up quickly. Alum powders leave a bitter taste in the bread or cake.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder once used, always used.

The Golden Bottle

This excellent novel of 313 pages written by Ignatius Donnelly, one of the most brilliant authors of America, can be had at the Democrat office for 50cts (paper) or $1.25 (cloth). Call and see the work.

IT is argued, and not witout reason, that officials should be paid a salary great enough to insure good service and place them beyond the reach of bribery. It might also be said that the poor laborer should be paid a salary great enough to insure good service and to place him beyond the influence of crime. "It is a poor rule that does not work both ways."

FROM ENGLEMAN.

Wedding and Other Notes.

ENGLEMAN, Tex., Dec. 26, '92.

Editor Democrat.

Christmas has come and gone, and Santa Claus responded to numerous invitations to be present at happy gatherings in Engleman community. Some of our prettiest young Ladies and bravest young gentlemen are marrying, there-by becoming happy, and setting others a good example. Mr Bob Coffey and Miss Minnie Biddy were married at the home of the bride's mother, on the 18th inst. The writer joins their many friends in wishing them all the happiness this World can give.

We are happy to learn that Mr J. B. Engleman, who had the misfortune to have his arm badly lacerated in his gin several weeks ago, is able to be about again, after quite a serious illness owing to the accident.

Wishing the Democrat and its many readers a Happy New Year. I am very respectfully,

"Only a woman."

Plano Jottings.

PLANO, Collin Co. Tex., Dec. 24.—The city marshall was kept busy to-day. Three fights were going on at the same time and the claret flowed freely.

Stores did rushing business yesterday and to-day.

An entertainment is being given at the Baptist church for the young folks.

RESOLUTIONS

Approved by Bishop Alliance, Dec. 17, 1892.

1st. Resolved, That this Alliance do hereby ask of the next congress that it pass a free coinage bill, giving silver all the rights it had before 1873.

2nd. Resolved, That the National banking law be changed so that banks will not have the right to discount notes and thereby draw more interest than the law allows.

3d. Resolved, That the legislature enact an alien land law that will keep foreign syndicates from getting control of our lands.

4th. Resolved, That the legislature do enact a law that will make a uniform system of school books.

5th. Resolved, That considering the great good the alliance has so far done and believing that we can accomplish much in the future we extend the hand of fellowship to all sub-alliances, north, south, east and west, with a brotherly admonition to hold fast in order to accomplish the words of him who said "he who holds out to the last shall be saved."

6th, Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be furnished the McKinney DEMOCRAT and Southern Mercury for publication.

JOHN SHUMAN,
C. H. KENNEDY.
G. B. KINDLE. } Com.

J. P. DOWELL.

THIS ROOSTER IS NOT CROWING OVER THE LATE ELECTION, BUT OF THE SATISFACTION THE

Crockery Department
Is complete with the best makes of goods from the leading potters of England, France, Germany and Japan.

Dinner and Tea Sets.

Glassware
Of all kinds from the cheapest to the most expensive cut glass.

Lamps
The Stock is full of all the styles, artistic in design finish. Banquet lamps, pi lamps, table lamps, and a line of the Celebrated Rochester Center Draft Lamps.

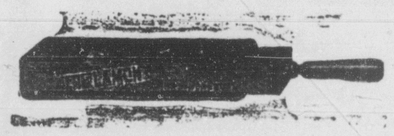
Harry Bros'. Corrugated Cisterns,

Other goods too numerous to mention.

Bridge-Beach M'fg. Co's. Heating and Cooking Stoves are Giving the purchasers.

J. P. DOWELL

Handles the latest improvements in Cooking and Heating Stoves Consumers will consult their BEST ITNEREST by calling and inspecting his line before buying. Stoves from $7.00 to $50.00.



HARDWARE,

Cutlery Tools, Guns, Pistols, Plated Ware, etc

YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE FOLLOWING NOVELTIES:

Statuary, Vases, Jardiniers, Baskets, Cups and Saucers, Trays, Bonbonniers Dinner ware and stock of Matchless Lamps and hundreds of novelties rich in design and decoration that cannot be Excelled in Texas.

$20.00 For You $20.00.

Young Men! Young Women! Parents!

Have you ever rolled Twenty Large Silver Dollars in your hand? Have you ever balenced one on your first finger, and clinked it with another? A sound like that, is the marching music to Success. Have you ever heard of Walden's Texas Business Colleges, one at Austin, the other at Ft. Worth? Of course you have, for they are among the oldest and most thorough Business Training Schools in all this fair southland, and their former students can be found in all parts of the state and many adjoining states occupy responsible and money making positions. Either one of these two schools will give you Twenty large, bright, Silver Dollars discount on a Three Months Scholarship.

But, you may ask, "what do you mean by a Three Months Scholarship?" We mean that you will be taught by the best teachers, given wholesome board and lodging for three months, when you purchase, and thus own, one of their scholarships, which is a document under seal. The regular price of this scolarship, is $80.00. so you see they intend to give you Twenty Dollars by selling it to you for $60. But, this offer is a special one and is good only from Dec. 25th, until the fifteenth day of January. So you had better secure one without delay as after that date, the regular prices will be strictly adhered to. Parents, if you have $60, remember that such a Christmas present to your son or daughter is more precious than gold, more valuable than diamonds or rubies. Only one hundred scholarships will be sold at this price. Write instantly for a beautiful catalogue which will tell you all about the Schools, and also how they will teach you the things you should know and how to make money. Bookkeeping, short-hand, typewriting, penmanship and telegraphy, good plain English, all these studies and more too are taught in these unrivaled schools. Have you a friend that has some one to educate, or that desires to attend school himself? Send him a marked copy of this paper as he may not see it. Write to-day for circular giving special holiday rates. Address Austin or Ft. Worth.

READ SOMETHING

CALL AT THE
DEMOCRAT OFFICE
and subscribe for the best paper in Collin county. Price $1.50 per year. For $1.90, payable in advance you can get the DEMOCRAT and any of the following leading journals.

Courier-Journal, Louisville, Ky.
Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo.
Republic, " " "
Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.
Gazette, Fort Worth, Texas.
News, Dallas, "
Truth, San Antonio, "
Farm & Ranch, Dallas, "

If you wish to take any one of the above publications call at once and we will take your subscription for the same. Respectfully,

THE DEMOCRAT,
McKinney, Texas.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LOCAL NEWS.

J. H. Doman is in the city.

F. M. Estes sends for the DEMOCRAT.

THE DEMOCRAT and Farm & Ranch for $1.90.

Mrs M. A. Bowin visited in Houston this week.

W. C. Burruss is building a cottage near his home.

Mrs Mattie Liken left on a visit to Ennis last monday.

The Union depot burned down at Sherman last Tuesday

When rogues are masters of society virtue trails in the dust.

Labor builds cities with their palaces, and then itself, lives in hovels.

In our next issue we will give a "bird's eye view" of McKinney in type.

A nicely furnished room for rent 4 blocks from square. Call at this office.

The cotton buyers' ball was well attended at Heard's opera house last Monday night.

During the year 1892 there have been 24 murders committed in Grayson county.

Ignatious Donnelly says it is difficult to worship God while the devil rules the Wold.

Charlie Parker and Lady of Sherman visited relatives here last Sunday.

Editor J. L. Wilson and family, of Sherman, are visiting relatives here.

Miss Georgia Cate, of Decatur, Texas, is visiting the family of T. C. Perry.

A modern author says that the best way to worship the creator is to make his creatures happy.

There were only six or seven individuals arrested and calaboosed on Christmas Eve.

Dave Williams and John Cruse had an affray a few days ago without serious results.

Read the poem this week entitled "The closing year" by Geo. D. Prentiss, It is a great literary production.

Col. I. G. Randle shot Ed R. Randle in a saloon in Dallas last Monday night. Later, E. R. Randle died.

Heard & Brooke, Grocers, have dissolved partership. The firm in the future will be Heard & Pearce. Mr. Brooke will likely embark in business again soon.

The merchants are busy taking stock and preparing for the work of the New Year. We wish for them a prosperous year—1893.

We enjoyed a turkey feast on Christmas at the home of Kelly Worsham. Mrs Worsham knows well how to entertain.

A pleasant birthday dinner was given at the residence of T M Wilson the comforts of which was enjoyed by many relatives and friends.

Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a cure. 68

Unless better walks are made leading to the Post office and we predict that Uncle Sam will change the Post office location.

Why continue to spend money uselessly on our muddy streets? Let good pavements be made.

Our city has grown to such an extent that improvements should be made to accomodate the public. Build hitching poks and pave our streets.

The old wooden shanty which stood just north of the calaboose burned up last night. It was the same building that caught fire a few nights ago.

Uncle Charley Moore will give us the amount of rainfall in 1892 for our next issue.

Ye editor enjoyed a delicious repast at the home of our foreman, Mr. G. C. Thomas, yesterday.

Many people were disappointed yesterday by not getting to hear Hon. J. H. Davis speak.

Prof C. F. Trotter of Upper Rowlett left on a pleasure trip to his old home in Missouri last Thursday evening.

Smith Mallow formerly a citizen of Collin, but now a grocery merchant of Vernon, was in the city this week.

A fire alarm was sounded last Friday night. It was only a small out building near the calaboose. No loss.

Christmas eve was very quiet in McKinney. There were very few fireworks exploded owing to the stringent provision of the city ordinance on that subject.

Mr John Edens who has lived near Weston for 30 years renewed his subscription to the Democrat last week. may he live many years yet is our earnest wish.

The two Jew merchants on East Louisiana street quarreled last Friday and raised considerable excitement for a few minutes. They were both arrested and fined for disturbing the peace.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes a all druggists to give those who call for it a samble bottle FREE, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c. and $1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

There is great need of an awning over the walk leading from Nale & Dies towards the Post office. During wet weather one can hardly travel it, it being so slippery.

We regret to learn of the unfortunate condition of J. T. Howard who lives south of Farmersville. After a long spell of fever one leg had to be amputated.

In buying a cough medicine for children," says H A Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and relief is always sure to follow. I particularly recommend Chamberlain's because I have found it to be safe and reliable. It is intended especially for colds, croup and whooping cough. 50 cents bottles for sale by. For sale by R. E. Bristol, Druggist.

"What! Santa Clause! A girl! 11 pounds! By gracious, Cora this is the nicest present I ever got!." The above, were the rather incoherent exclamations, heard, while the writer was passing the home of James Wilder, in Petersburg Christmas day. We leave the inference to the public.

Killed with a Stick.

Horace Thomason who lived near Bois'd Arc school house died last Tuesday. A few nights ago he entered the school house in an intoxicated condition and began to flourish a knife. Ben Graves who was in the audience hit him on the head with a stick, from the effects of which he died, Graves had been bound over in the sum of $500 awaiting the action of the Grand Jury. After the death of Thomason he was rearrested.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional kisease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh cure is no quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

GOSSIP AROUND THE CITY

Caught by a Democrat Reporter.

From what the reporter can glean, we predict that the present street working requirement will be a question in the coming April City election.

***

"I will do all I can to keep the Post Office located where it now is," said a prominent merchant last Monday "provided the walks and awnings leading thereto are repaired and new ones built."

***

"There goes a young blood," observed a citizen to ye reporter a few evenings ago, "who draws a good salary and yet he does not keep his debts paid. He is a victim of society's whims, consequently he can not meet his obligations."

***

A school girl of about 11 or 12 summers while on her way from school to the Post Office remarked to a school-mate: "I'm expecting a letter from my fellow in Galveston this evening." Verily this is a progressive age.

***

"Politeness is cheap," remarked an aged lady, "and yet it is a valuable article. If politeness was universal there would be more sunshine in the world. Everybody should teach their children politeness."

***

The reporter visited the Mayor's Court last Monday and found Recorder Davis in rather a gloomy mood. There seemed to be two causes for this; His wife was gone on a visit, while the court was not doing a rushing business.

***

"How will the stock law take in this county?" asked one of our future law makers of the reporter. We told him that we thought there would be nearly an equal division on the subject, however, we thought the people were better prepared to adopt the law than at any former period.

***

"McKinney wants to grow and a great many of her mossbacks will not let it," said a progressive man to the reporter recently. "Every house in the city is rented and dozens more applied for. If we had electric lights, paved streets, waterworks and other necessary improvements McKinney would soon be a city of at least 10,000 inhabitants."

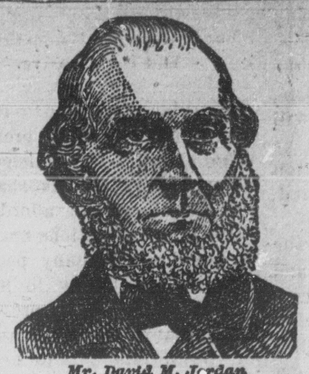
***

While we were abstracting the marriage licences the other evening our clever bachelor Clerk related to us how a smooth faced applicant for licence to wed, got the best of him. The young fellow who had only sweat through 19 summers asked Joe to issue him a marriage certificate. Joe politely informed him that he would have to produce an order from the parents or guardians of both himself and his intended "sweety." The young man with great dignity and composure produced the necessary papers. Of course Joe was at his rows end and had to issue the certificate but as he handed the treasure over he observed: "Young man you are lucky. Look here" said Joe slapping his bald pate, "I'm not married, what do you think of that?" "I think" answered the young man without a smile, "that is an indication of the good judgment of the ladies of your community." This was a "stunner" to Joe and in consideration of the joke he offered him the license fee free of charge but it was promptly refused and a polite "Good evening" separated them.

SLEEP ON LEFT SIDE.

Many persons are unable to sleep on their left side. The cause has long been a puzzle to physicians. Metropolitian papers speak with great interest of Dr. Franklin Miles, the eminent Indiana specialist in nervous and heart diseases, who has proven that this habit arises from a diseased heart. He has examined and kept on record thousands of cases. His New Heart Cure, a wonderful remedy, is sold at Smith Bros. Drug Store. Thousands testify to its value as a cure for Heart Diseases. Mrs. Chas. Benoy, Loveland, Colo, says its effects on her were marvelous. Elegant book on Heart Disease free.

☞"Lincoln county Tennessee" at Howard & Williams North side square McKinney Texas.



Mr. David M. Jordan
of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate **nothing but gruel.** I was badly emaciated and had no more color than **a marble statue.** Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the **inflammation of the bladder** had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I **began to feel hungry.** After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

The following marriage licences have been issued by County Clerk Waddill since our last issue.

G M Dugger and M L Isom, W H Slater and Jonnie Watson, Robert L Cook and S A Kelly, U G [illegible]ance and Sarah Epley, Robert [illegible]chols and Maggie [illegible] and Mary S Files, S M Sa[illegible]erkey and Deering, J A [illegible]s and Maude Coleman, D L Ba[illegible]n Lela Miller, Robert Frank[illegible] and Hattie Crump, S Kisserger and Hattie M England, J E Crockett and Myrtie J Crigger, Allen Wilson and Susie McCollum, T S Letson and Sallie Cook, G M Rushing and Janie Sowell.

"For the past two or three years I have been subject to cramping pains in the stomach," says Mr W. A. Baldwin, a hardware merchant of Boonville, Dallas county, Iowa. "I have tried a number of different remedies; the best one being Chamberlain's Colic Cure, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. One or two doses always cures me." Sold by R. E. Bristol, Druggist.

Marriages 1891-2.

During the year 1892 to date of this issue of the DEMOCRAT there have been 448 marriage certificates issued in Collin county, as against 450 in 1891.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The Best Minstrel Show on the Road.

The largest house of the season greeted Barlow Bros.' Minstrels last night at the Opera House, and we can safely say that it is the best minstrel show on the road. Everything was fun from the start to the finish, and the old-time Southern "nigger" was well portrayed and brought down the house on numerous occasions.

Master Eddie Percy is a handsome boy and as good a singer as can be found in any show. Eddie caught the house by storm.

Will G. Mack, in his impersonation of the Southern "nigger," was perfect, and when he sang "I'm gwine back to Dixie" it brought tears to the eyes of many.

Barlow Bros. have the show, and we can record them as first-class in every particular.—Augusta, Ga.

This well-known company will appear at the Opera House Friday, Dec. 30th. Seats are now on sale.

At Last.

Wear's new gallery is ready for business. I wish to state to the people of McKinney and surrounding country, that my new gallery situated on West Virginia street between the Foot House and City Hotel is now open and ready for business. I will personally do all operating under the best skylight ever opened in the city and all favoring me with orders may rest assured of fine work, promptly and neatly finished, at moderate prices. I also have in connection a full line of sheet music, vocal and instrumental at 10 cents per copy. Call for catalogue.

Thanking my old customers for past patronage and asking a continuance of the same and favors from new ones as well, I am very respectfully,

G. R. WEAR.

☞Mathushek, Mathushek, the most reliable and best constructed Piano ever sold in North Texas, at M.B.Rexrode's, south Collin county bank.

BARLOW BROS.' MINSTRELS DECEMBER 30.

Don't fail to secure your seat for Barlow Bros.' Minstrels, who appear at the Opera House on Friday, Dec. 30.

The marriage record of this county for the last few weeks, is greater than any similar period—and ye editor yet remains single.

Mayors Court.

The following record of the mayor's court since our last issue.

Morris Diamond abusive language, fine and cost $10.75

Jacob Cohn, assault, fine and cost 16 80

Lee Cathe, disturbance, fine and cost 10.70

Bob Bagley, disturbance, fine and cost ——

—— Wallace, drunkenness fine and cost 11.70

Jane McCallister, drunkenness, fine and cost 10.70

Julia Mason, vagrancy, fine and cost ——

Lem Roper, drunkenness, fine and cost 10.70

W. H. Chambers, drunkeness, fine and cost 10.70

S. C. Scott, drunkeness, fine and cost ——

Jim Frazier, drunkeness, fine and cost ——

Mack Kelly, assault, fine and cost 14.70

The success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in effecting a speedy cure of colds, croup and whooping cough has brought it into great demand. Messrs. Pontius & Son, of Cameron, Ohio, say that it has gained a reputation second to none in that vicinity. Jas. M. Queen, of Johnston, W. Va., says it is the best he ever used. B. F. Jones, druggist, Winona, Miss., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is perfectly reliable. I [illegible] always warranted it and it never have a[illegible] the most perfect satisfaction." 50 cent bo[illegible] for sale by R. E. Bristol, Druggist.

We have just reviewed [illegible]ius Donnelly's new book, "The Golden Bottle." Which is a novel, portraying in graphic style the servile condition of the masses, and the remedy. It is a book that should be read by every citizen of every political faith. The work proves itself to be the product of a brilliant mind and heart.

Female Weakness PositiveCure.

To The Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from degenerated female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, Dr. A. C. MARCHISI, Utica, N. Y.

Chattel Mortgages.

During the year 1881 there were recorded in Collin county 2753 chattel mortgages while during the present year (1892) there have been 3091 recorded.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle FREE OF COST. It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c. and $1.

☞Farmers when you come to town call for a Texas Standard cigar and you will go home happy.

☞When you wish a good meal or lunch call on Yours fraternally, HAYS & Co.

☞Fine holiday drinks at Howard & William's.

☞Farmers when you have produce to sell call on Hays & Co. near depot. We pay good prices. Fraternally yours,

HAYS & Co.

☞Fine wines, liquors and cigars at Howard & William's.

☞Call at Owens & Armstrong Bros.' for lumber.

☞For Fresh Groceries at reasonable prices call on us.

Fraternally Yours.

HAYS & Co.

☞Wakely's Photographs are the best.

☞The Waterloo is all right.

Miles' Nerve & Liver Pills.

Acts on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedly cure billousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples Free, at Smith Bros. Drug Store.

☞Buy your christmas goods from Kindell & McWhirter, grocers, East Louisiana street. They will save you money.

☞Christmas is most here and Seay & Webster can supply you with presents.

THE EDITOR OUT.

Yesterday after returning to our sanctum we found the following on our desk.

Into the office
I dropped one day,
My little subscription
The printer to pay.

As usual I found
The editor away,
The printer at dinner
And the devil at play.

Another subscriber
Came in with his cash
Which I receipted and
Took in, like a flash.

By this time, another
Came in for a fight
I told him that I
Was just

OUT OF SIGHT.

Our Acknowledgement.

The following list of gentlemen have our heartfelt thanks for subscription received recently:

T E Furr,
G O Cate,
Jas Dorn,
J H King,
T P Reed,
J W Gray,
J A Carson,
Wm Moore,
C D Gibson,
John Edens,
D J O'Brien,
J T Howard,
E H Frazier,
J M Snavely,
B C Childress,
R W McLarry,
G M D Williams.

A MUTE RECOVERS SPEECH.

Alphonce Hemphling, of Summitt township, Butler county, Penn'a., made and affidavit that his twelve year old son, who had St. Vitus Dance for twelve years, lost his speech, was completely cured after using three bottles of Dr. Mile's Restorative Nervine, and also recovered his speech. Thousands testify to wonderful cures from using it for nervous diseases, dyspepsia, debility, dullness, confusion of mind, headache, etc. Four doses of this Nervine cured Mrs. W.E. BURNS, South Bend, Ind., who had been suffering with constant headache for [illegible] Trial bottle and [illegible]ree at Smith Bros. Drug Store. three months. elegant book [illegible]

The Artesian Well.

The artesian well machinery is all on the ground and contract completed for an additional depth of 500 feet making a total of 1500 feet. The money has all been subscribed which was aided by $500 subscribed by the City Government of McKinney. With the earnestness now being displayed by the managers of this enterprise we confidently look for a successful completion of the work which if realized will be worth thousands of dollars to our city and county. An inexhaustable supply of water is valuable almost beyond computation.

☞Christmas Presents the largest and most complete assortment ever seen in McKinney at Seay & Webster's Book store.

☞The Nickel Store is selling goods at the same old price since the fire.

☞Kindell & McWhirter have a splendid stock of staple and fancy groceries for you to select from at the most reasonable prices.

Smith Bros.

Keep on hand fresh drugs. patent medicines of all kinds, Also toilet articles of any description; in fact, everything in the drug line. Call and see them, east side of the square.

☞Packard, Packard, Packard, the best organ on the market, at M. B. Rexrode's.

☞For pure whiskey don't forget to call on Howard & Williams.

☞Everyone indebted to me by note or account must call and settle up. I want my money and must have it. An early settlement will oblige Your friend, H. C. HERNDON.

☞All the leading dealers in McKinney handle the Texas Standard cigar. Try one of them, it is the best 5 cent cigar on the market.

☞Owens & Armstrong Bros' is the firm that handles the best of all kinds of lumber just west of the square. Get their prices before purchasing.

☞After eating a hearty meal ask for a Texas Standard cigar.

☞The new lumber yard just west of the square has a large stock of fresh lumber, shingles, sash, doors, blinds and mouldings &c.

Removal Sale!

On account of Remvoal to our New Store South East Corner of the Square On January 1st we will sell

AT COST

—AND—

BELOW COST

Many Lines of Goods in Order to Reduce Stock.

Dress Goods Cheaper than you Ever Saw Before.

Double Width Waterproof..... 25 cents.

White and Red Flannels Very Cheap.

Wool Jeans..... 25 cents.

Boy's Boots, worth $1.50 for.....$1.00

Mens' Boots worth $1.50 for..... 1 00

Womens' Shoes worth $1.50 for..... 1.00

It will pay you to buy of us.

Cost! Cost! Cost!!

BARKLEY, HARRIS & RHEA

BOARDS OLD STAND,

South Side Square, McKinney, Texas.

Strayed or Stolen.

[illegible]signed, near [illegible] of Nov. [illegible]st 8 From the unde[illegible] McKinney on the 30th 1892, One Bay Mare about years old, 15 or 15 1-2 hands high, no brand, knot under jaw, small scar on right hip, raised in Wise Co. and last seen in the neighborhood of Rheas Mill. Any information will be liberally rewarded by

T. B. WILSON.
McKinney Tex.

County Alliance

The next quarterly meeting of the Collin county alliance will be held with Prairie Grove alliance, about 5 miles south of Farmersville on the third Wednesday of January 1893, the same being the 18th day of the month.

R. S. SNEED President.
C. C. Alliance.

☞The Nickle Store has sold out and transfered its cash to the bank account ready to purchase new goods which are already arriving.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

People's Party Call.

Every member of the executive committee of the people's party of Collin county is urgently requested to meet in McKinney on Tuesday at 1 p. m. January 3rd 1893, for the purpose of reorganization.

R. D. ALLISON,
Chairman,
McKinney, Tex., Dec. 20, '92.

☞See Howard & Williams for old Wilson county whiskey.

☞The nickel store.

☞If you want a pleasant smoke get the Texas Standard cigar.

☞Ed. Bowin of the nickel store handles the best cigars. Call and try them.

☞L. Philipson of Dallas continues to visit McKinney, and receives the many orders for the Texas Standard cigar—the best 5 cent smoker in the market.

☞Holiday presents too numerous to mention at Seay & Webster's Book store.

☞Don't neglect to try the Texas Standard cigar when you wish to enjoy a good [illegible]e.

☞[illegible] fail to see the new [illegible]smo[illegible] [illegible]t west of the [illegible]

☞Don[illegible] Lumber yard just [illegible] public square.

☞Toys—the entire line at prices that no one can touch at Seay & Webster's Book store.

NOTICE.

Parties owing M. H. Byrne for insurance will pay their premiums to him in person.

On What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shilo's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For lame back, side or chest use Shio's Porous Plaster. Sold by R. E. Bristol.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness los of appetite, coming up of the blood, yellow skin, when for 75c. we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by R. E. Bristol.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A marvelous cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache. With each bottle there is an ingeninasal injector for the more successful treatment of those complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by R. E. Bristol.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

This is beyond question the most successful cough medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst case of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c, 50c and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by R. E. Bristol.

SUBSCRIBE

—FOR—

THE DEMOCRAT.

The leading paper of Collin County

Houston and Texas Central Railway Time Table.

Going North,	No. 13	Arrives	5:21	a. m.
" "	" 3	"	9:58	a. m.
" "	" 2	"	7:05	p. m.
" South	" 2	"	8:24	a. m.
" "	" 4	"	4:49	p. m.
" "	" 14	"	9:28	p. m.

East Line Railroad.

Leaves	8:27 a. m.
Arrives	6:00 p. m.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year,	$1,50
Eight Months,	1,00
Six Months,	75
Three "	40

Our Advertising Rates.

One column 1 year	$150.00
½ column 1 year	80.00
1-inch single column	12.00

Local notices, 7 cents per line for each insertion. Obituaries of more than 10 lines will be charged for at our usual rates.

All contracts will be charged for in proportion to the above.

Address,

F. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor,
McKinney, Texes.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.

Services every Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. ——— pastor. Sabb th school every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. — ——— superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Services every Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Rev. G. A. Russell pastor. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30.

METHODIST.

Services every Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7:15 p. m., Rev. Fladger pastor. Sabbath school every Sabbath at 9:45 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30.

CHRISTIAN.

Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Elder ——— pastor. Sunday school every Sabbath to 9:30 a. m. P. Harris, superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30.

BAPTIST.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m and 7:45 p. m., Rev. Sims pastor. Sunday school Sunday morning at 9:45 o'clock. T. C. Perry, superintendent.

Calendar of District, County and Commissioners Court of Collin County.

DISTRICT COURT: Hon. P. B. Muse, Judge.

Court convenes 1st Mondays in January and June of each year.

COUNTY COURT: M. G. Abernathy, Judge.

Court convenes for civil, criminial and probate business. 1st Monday in March; 3rd Monday in May; 4th Monday in July; 2nd Monday in Oct. and 2nd Monday in December of each year.

COMMISSIONERS COURT: Convenes 2nd Mondays in February, May, August and November of each year.

County Officials.

M. G. Abernathy,	County Judge.
T. F. Mangum,	County Attorney.
J. W. Waddill,	County Clerk
J. L. Moulden,	Sheriff.
John W. McKinney,	Tax Collector.
R. S. Chandler,	Tax Assessor.
W. H. Taylor,	County Treasurer.
S P. Clardy,	County Surveyor.

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

TAKE

TO ALL POINTS
NORTH and EAST.
THROUGH ☆ TRAINS ☆ CARRY
Pulman :: Sleepers
Between Points in TEXAS and
Chicago, St. Louis
—AND—
KANSAS CITY.
Also
Free Reclining Chair Cars
—BETWEEN—
TAYLOR AND KANSAS CITY AND HANNIBAL
Close Connections in all of the above cities with fast trains of eastern and northern lines, make the M. K. & T. R'y the best line to
New York, Boston, Montreal and St. Paul.

C. H. BOARDMAN, G. P. A., Ft. Worth, Tex
W. D. LAWSON, T. P. A., Houston, Tex.
H. P. HUGHES, G. P. & T. A., Denison, Texas.
A. FAULKNER, G. P. & T. A.
E. B. PARKER, A. G. P. A.
Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway System, No. 523 Chestnut Street, MSO. Louis, Mo.

LAND AND LOAN SYSTEM IN A NEW FORM.

Monetary Medium,—Continued. Auxiliary Money.

BY PROF. A. P. A. STRAIO.

By AUXILIARY money I mean as I said in the previous chapter a paper money issued in lieu of fiat money; which is circulated on private securities, but also guaranteed to the bearer by the nation.

From the fact that fiat money, to the extent that metalic money is inconsistant, based on the resources, property and fidelity of the nation, answers most satisfactorally every purpose as a medium of exchange, the auxiliary money could be for no other purpose than merely an assistance or special privilege to such persons, or as a factor for prompt money raising. So that the government in exercising such power must do so without partiality, unless only favor the class who rightfully need such assistance; for otherwise it would not be just nor democratic.

Respective to the govern ment giving assistance in way of loans, I look upon it the same as the government giving assistance in other matters. In the counties, if there are any who have met with misfortune and have no money nor can get no work to do, the government extends them assistance by giving them refuge in the almshouse until they can get work and take care of themselves again; and does not have the almshouses for the benefit of those who have money by the thousands.

So, respective to government loans; if the government can issue money at one per cent on private security (as is now done to bondholders or banking fraternity on their bonds) it should do so to those who rightfully need such assistance. At least should do so alike to all in limited amounts, in view merely as an assistance and not solely for speculative purposes; say not above five hundred dollars to any one person.

The kind of wealth or property as satisfactory security for persons to obtain such loans would differ at different times and under different circumstances, and such as Congress would deem practical and expedient by law to establish. So, all who would have wealth as security which would be excluded by the law as satisfactory security, this form of loans could not be extended them, the same as now in similar cases under our present banking system or loan associations. But the principle security upon which to circulate this auxiliary would be lands and different kinds of bonds.

The greatest and most deserving demand for such loans is among the farming classes; so that through this assistance they can obtain money on their unincumbered land to make improvements, and for renters to pay what they have on land and then through this assistance pay the balance, which afterwards, they gradually refund by the earnings of their industry.

And right here respecting to such assistance to the needy, together with other legislation in their favor rests the decline or prosperity of a republic. Whenever legislation begins to be in disfavor to the needy and laboring classes and in favor of the wealthy and non-laboring classes, the republic begins up on its downward march of decline. In a republic laws must be of a form which will educate and enable the laboring classes to obtain and have homes of their own, and not be reduced to a helpless state of serfdom. Yes, the very province and object of a republic is to act in behalf of the working people, and whenever it ceses to exercise this function, it ceases to exist as a republic proper and begins drifting into monarchical and despotic customs and usages; and, of course, the same as in all other republics which have existed, a revolution must ensue, else to keep order a monarchy with its standing army is required to rise in its stead.

At the time of the institution of the national banking corporations and the government loaning money to the wealthy classes on their bonds at one per cent, instead of loaning it to the farming classes on their lands who rightfully needed this assistance, and retaining control of the issuing power of money and absolute jurisdiction thereof, is one of several marked periods when our republic began on its decline.

The evil which originated from this loan to the wealthy on their bonds and not to the farming classes on their lands, is, the farming classes in getting their money and paying eight, ten, and fifteen per cent instead of five per cent as the bondholders got it, when they came to pay, learned that they couldn't earn sufficient on these figures to support themselves and pay these high rates which were charged by the banking corporations and loan associations, and thereby, eventually, not able to meet their obligations, the mortgages were foreclosed and they lost their farms, which fell into possession of these loan associations and other money lenders. The farmer, thus, under financial embarrasment or under ordinary circumstances, and unaware of danger, entered the snare, as it was, fitted to decoy him; and, universally, wrenched from him his only dublets and forced him to be a renter.

Would this privilege, to obtain loans from the government on lands, in the past, have been given to the farmers who rightfully deserved it, instead of giving it to the bondholders or given it to them with the latter, then the original and patriotic farming classes would have prospered and procured large and well furnished farms of their own and been able to have educated their sons and given them necessary help to have made them prosperous and enabled them to have obtained farms of their own and not been obliged to have turned them out into the world uneducated and as renters, just the same as the bondholders of the banking fraternity under the same privilege have prospered and procured wealth by the millions and were able to educate their sons and give them necessary help so as to own their thousands.

And would this privilege now be given to the farming classes, then in the course of time tenants would not be required to be subject to landlords and compelled to be renting, as they could buy land for themselves and pay thereon what they had and the balance pay in the respective auxilary money secured by the land; and thereafter gradualy pay their obligations by the earnings of their industry.

For instance, a man who had two hundred dollars to pay on land could buy a farm of forty acres of western or southern land at ten dollars an acre (loans equal to half the assessed value) and pay the balance in auxiliary, and thereafter gradually pay his obligation by the earnings of his industry; or where the land is more valuable, a farmer who had five hundred dollars could buy a farm of twenty acres at fifty dollars an acre and pay the balance in auxiliary, and thereafter gradually pay his obligation by the earnings of his industry.

Yea, it is such an auxiliary in which lies the secret of equalization and justice sought by socialists through their doctrine, "no recognition of private property in land." Much as the Hon. Henry George has written on this theme, and much as I reverence him for his undaunted plea for the promotion of the proserity of the people, I could not agree with him that the abolition of private property in land is the proper method for the suppression of serfdom or tenantry and establishment of justice, and especialy not the democratic one. "Recognize private property in anything of the earth that is worthy of it, and suppress the evil or medium whereby this system of tenantry has been created," is my doctrne. So, if there is any utility and value in land, which anyone will admit is the case; recognize private property in laud to that extent, the same as there is recognized private property in other inate things, such as coal, various metals, timber, etc.

Give the farming classes equal privileges with other classes, in giving governmental assistance do so to those who rightfully need assistance, such as is in conformity to the province and objects of a re, public, is my method; then will tle same thing be obtained as is sought through abolition of private property in land, and, too, in a democratic way.

Although, as much as the bondholders have prosperedand the millions they have accumulated for themselves under their special privileges, still I am not prejudiced against them so that I want merely the farming classes now to have loans on their lands, but let them have loans on their bonds and stocks in limited amounts the same with the farmer loans on his land—give equal rights and the same privileges to all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Notes from Farmersville.

FARMERSVILLE, Tex., Dec 20, Editor Democrat.

As it has been some time since I have written you anything from this place, I will try and write you a few lines for your valuable paper. Our little city is very quiet at present owing to the continued wet weather which has forced business of all kinds to a standstill, and if there is any one thing our people wish for it is more sunshine. The cotton crop is about all gathered, and the only draw-back to our farmers is that they haven't got enough of the fleecy staple to sell. But it is said that everything works for the best to those who love the Lord, and I suppose if there had been a large crop made that the farmers would not have realized any more profit from it than they have from the present small one. Our $17,000 school building is about completed and it is an ornament to our town, and reflects credit on our people. The Rev. Joseph Jamison and his lady of the M. E. church have moved into the parsonage and will be with us for the next twelve months if not longer. Mr. Jamison is an able divine and I predict a glorious future in store for him.

There is some sickness in town and country but so far there has not been very much of it fatal. Everybody in town is a candidate for City Marshall and I predict somebody will get left out in the cold.

We are glad to learn that Harvey Wisdom, one of our most popular young men has been appointed deputy sheriff for east Collin. Harvey is a deserving young man and will fill the position with credit to himself and Mr. Moulden, our sheriff.

The writer is at present bereft of his better half who is visiting her parents in Sulpher Springs, and he wants it distinctly understood that he is not responsible for any mistakas he may make while writing. Mr. Editor when you come to our little city call and see us, but for Goodness sake don't come until the Old "Omen" gets back.

BENJAMIN.

Fell from the Second Story.

BEEVILLE, Tex., Dec. 23.—Ralph Ellis, son of John V. Ellis, returned from school at San Marcas last evening to pass the holidays at home and stopped at the residence of R. E. Nutt. In the night he arose in his sleep and fell from the second story window, fifteen feet, and broke his left thigh and lay on the ground for half an hour before he was heard. He is now resting easy.

SNAP SHOTS.

[Dallas News.]

To swap secrets is to give them away.

There are frequently a great many figures in the problem of life.

The best standpoint to consider a troublesome question from is one's home.

The hen is the lay member of the barnyard choir.

It is such a pity that all men were not created with brass horns and drums on them.

There is not more than one man in a thousand who will effective criticism kindly.

Man's nose is his cowcatcher and it is entirely too small.

A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

What to Give—To Whom to Give—And How to Give.

Everybody is going to make somebody a holiday present. What shall it be? to which ones of my many friends shall I give? and how can I afford the expense? are questions not easily answered by many people. To enable everybody to make a present which may prove to be of great value to all, and is an appropriate gift to nearly everyone in this catarrh-stricken land, and at the same time cost only a few moments time and a postal card, is the purpose of The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, O. Send the address of as many of your friends as you believe will appreciate the gift of the above Drug Company and they will mail a copy of the new Illustrated Ills of Life free and post paid—a beautiful, useful, truthful, helpful treaties on catarrh in all stages, coughs, colds, consumption, bronchitis, and all of the climatic diseases of winter. This offer holds good until January 30, 1893.

Our Clubbing Offer.

We will send The DEMOCRAT and any of the following journals for one year for $2.00 payable in advance.

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We will take subscriptions for any of the above journals at this office. Others will be added soon. Call and see us.

There are a few individuals who have been owing us on subscription for several years. They will please remit to us, we are needing the money bad. Gentlemen, please don't neglect the matter. It costs money to make out statements and send out a collector.

Remains True.

Editor Democrat.

Through the columns of Your paper, I would like to speak a few words to my friends in Collin. I do not think there is any cause to be discouraged. We have accomplished in one year what the democratic Party failed to accomplish in twenty five,—the death of the republican party—and no one should think of deserting the noble pioneers of reform, who in one of the darkest hours of our Nations history, faced the enemy and fought the battle that numbered the republican party with the things of the past. The democrats have got all the power they want. They can pass any law they desire. But they should remember that it was our presence in the field that elected Mr. Cleveland.

We enabled him to obtain electoral votes by pluralities, north of the Ohio. These he could not have obtained by majorites, had the contest been narrowed to democrats on one side and republicans on the other. Take from him the electoral votes north of the Ohio, (which we enabled him to obtain by virtue of pluralities) and you will see that he fails of election by at least fifteen votes. They have "a chance" now, and unless, they return to the doctrines of Jefferson, and Jackson, I assure you, that I will be with yon in the next campaign.

Let us not be disheartened! Courage is measured by defeat! Here at home they have elected their Governor, but our brave manly Nugent has not been defeated! Let us hope that the promises of our opponents will be redeemed. If not, the great people of Texas, will redeem them through our party two years hence. For my part, I shall stay "in the middle of the road," and when I come to Collin again I want to meet the same old veterans, following that peerless Nugent—The William Tell of the west—On their grand triumphal march to success.

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Thirteen hens in Niles, Mich., laid 1159 eggs last year.

Nero, the Roman emperor, kicked his wife Proppæ, to death.

The United States chewed eighty-five tons of tobacco last year.

Printing in raised characters for the blind was invented in 1827.

The progeny of two rabbits will amount in two years to 70,000,000.

The first theater in America was opened at Williamsburg, Va., in 1752.

The famous dish of Vitellius was of pheasant's brains, nightingales' tongues and fish liver.

There are fourteen canneries on the Columbia river and twenty-three in the state of Oregon.

British India has 10,417 shops licensed for the sale of opium. They supply a population of 228,000,000.

In the southern provinces of Russia a drink resembling brandy is obtained by distilling the juice of watermelons.

The blood of dogs fatigued by long racing, when injected into other dogs, makes them exhibit all symptoms of fatigue.

An Englishman has invented a new system of electric mains, where by one wire of the present three-wire system can be saved.

Music for Everybody.

M. B. Rexrode, one door south of Collin county bank handles the Mathushek Piano, Waterloo and other makes of organs, which he will sell for cash or in installments on the most reasonable terms.

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